

Isa as Pag-asa The Book of Light: The Creation of All

Written by Loren Allen

1 In the beginning, there was no earth, no name, no memory.
2 All that was — was color, endless and alive,
A sea of unseen hues that breathed in silence behind a black veil.
3 This was not darkness, but the canvas before the word.
4 From the deep of that rainbow sea, the Mother stirred.

5 She was not born — she became.
Forged from the collision of longing and light,
The universe tightened in her womb like a breath held by God.
6 She opened her mouth, and the first sound shattered the veil.
And time was born from the echo.

7 Stars spilled from her fingers,
Galaxies from the curve of her back.
And in her chest, she cradled a single fire —
the seed of the earth to come.

8 She called it Isa, meaning One.
Not one as in alone — but one as in whole.
One island among many,
One soul broken across centuries.
9 From Isa, all things would remember their name.

10 The fire cooled, and the breath of the Mother kissed it.
She wrapped the ash in water, and from their dance came stone.
11 The sea poured itself into the bowl of the world,
And the land rose like a prayer from beneath.

12 First came the green — soft and reaching,
Trees like fingers, moss like memory.
Then came the swimmers and crawlers,
Beasts with no name, yet full of her breath.

13 The earth was whole then.
Pangea, her first body — the Sacred Island.
The lands clung to each other like children in the dark,
One shape, one song, one name.

14 In the womb of Africa, the Mother whispered,
And from her soil, the first walkers stood.
Not kings, not gods — but listeners.
Carriers of memory, keepers of dust and dream.

15 Time, with its patient teeth, bit into the land.
Madagascar broke like a rib torn from the side.
The body of the earth began to drift —
Scattered like seeds into the winds of becoming.

16 And as the earth still shifted,
Her skin cracked, her mountains rose like the bones of old giants.
Rivers carved veins into her flesh, and volcanoes crowned her spine with fire.
Still, she danced — slow and eternal.

17 The daughters of the earth moved with her,
Crossing seas, climbing peaks, their skin kissed by sun and salt.
They changed not in spirit, but in form —
One soul in a thousand reflections.

18 From ice to desert, forest to city,
The Mother whispered her dream into every womb.
And though the tongues were many,
The breath behind them was one.

19 She was now full of her children —
Humans, in every corner, walking like gods,
Forgetting, remembering, building, burning, praying.
Some heard her still; others closed their ears in hunger.

20 And in the sacred belt of the sea,
Where storms are born and mountains sleep beneath waves,
She shaped a garden — not of ease, but of endurance.
She called it the Philippines.

21 Across its scattered bones of island and coral,
The people were formed — not chosen by might,
But by memory.
Carved by water, sharpened by sun,
They were the ones who would remember.

22 For in their hearts was the echo of the first sound.
The voice of Isa, quiet but unbroken.

They would be the seed,
And from them would rise the future fire.

23 And the voice of Isa rose — not from sky, nor temple,
But from the salt wind on the shore,
From the bird's cry at dawn,
From the belly of the storm.

24 She said:
"I have given you a thousand islands and a thousand names."
"You are not scattered. You are woven."
"Your blood is my breath. Your rivers are my veins."

25 "The sea I give you is a womb and a weapon."
"She will feed you fish with open palms, then rise with teeth in typhoon season."
"Love her. Fear her. She is your sister."

26 And the land answered her voice.
It clothed itself in rice and mango, in coconut and cassava.
It gave roots to the hungry and rest to the sleepless.

27 But there were trials too:
The fever from unseen spirits,
The snake that coils in the roots,
The long months when the sky forgot to rain.

28 Yet the women of the islands did not break.
They planted through flood, through drought, through quake.
They sang through birth and burial alike.
They listened for Isa in the thunder.

29 And Isa said:
"You are not weak for weeping. You are strong for rising again."

30 And Isa kept the sickness from the land,
For the people were still new, and their bones soft as saplings.
She shaded them with trees, fed them with fruit,
And taught them the language of water.

31 The earth, though quiet, was never still.
Beneath the feet of the people, it dreamed in fire.
It spoke not in words, but in eruptions.
And the sea refused to understand.

32 One rose, red with flame.
One raged, blue with salt.
The mountain and the ocean — siblings who sang but never harmonized.
And the islands trembled between them.

33 Then, in the time before names,
A child was born beneath a sky split by thunder.
They were neither prince nor priest, but quiet —
With ears tuned to root and rain.

> 34 This child walked barefoot,
Spoke to stones,
Danced where lightning struck,
And dreamt of voices not heard by others.

> 35 Isa called to them in a dream:
“You will be my ear in the soil. My echo in the wind.”
“You will hear the sea, and speak to the mountain.”
“And you will teach others to remember.”

> 36 The earth burned a path for them.
The ocean calmed at their shadow.
Birds followed them.
Crops grew where they slept.

> 37 They became the first Listener —
Shaman of the Breath and Bone.
The bridge between storm and fire,
Between Isa and her living children.

> 38 And though their name was swallowed by time,
Their fire still walks among us —
In every healer, every dreamer,
In every voice that listens before it speaks.

> 39 In the days when vines ruled the trees and rivers knew no name,
There came one who did not fear the wild,
But loved it too deeply to let it remain lost.

> 40 The people had fire, but no shape.
Hunger, but no harvest.
Songs, but no memory.
The Mother saw, and sent her answer not in lightning — but in a woman.

> 41 She came not from the mountain or ocean,
But from the silence between —
The place where law is born from need, and peace from rhythm.

> 42 She taught them to carve stone into shelter,
To shape words from sound,
To stack wood with purpose,
And to measure the stars with their own breath.

> 43 She taught them that justice was a circle,
That no child is greater than another,
That the strong are not to rule,
But to protect the rhythm that feeds all.

> 44 She taught that the land must not be broken, but understood.
That rivers could be guided like children, not chained.
That law is not a cage, but a mirror of nature's balance.

> 45 And the people called her many names.

Mother. Maker. Listener. Flame.
But Isa called her Balance —
For she was the first to bring harmony to the chaos of living.

> 46 And from her, all villages rose,
Not in the image of kings,
But in the image of hands that build together,
And voices that listen before they lead.